

1ROSS BARTLETT

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Interviewed by: Craig Fuller, 26 February 1974

Subject: Early Life History & Ashley Valley, Vernal, Utah

Transcriber by: Christine Gustin

Craig Fuller (CF): This is an interview with Mr. Ross Bartlett. We're at his daughter's home.

Ross Bartlett (RB): My home.

CF: Your home here in Salt Lake City at 1166 Downington Avenue.

Ross: She lives here. I'm going to give it to her one of these days when I don't need it anymore.

CF: Today's date is February 26, 1974. Mr. Bartlett, what's your address there in New Mexico?

Ross: Cuba, New Mexico.

CF: Just Cuba, New Mexico, huh?

Ross: Box 382.

CF: That's Cuba?

Ross: Yes. C-U-B-A, New Mexico.

CF: Why don't we start out with talking a little bit about your early life and your parents.

Ross: Charles Claybourne Bartlett, he was a veteran of the Civil War. He left after the war to avenge all the southerners, the killing of his Uncle George, packing ? him up. It brought him to the west, into the Missouri River, where he cut the firewood for the boats up and down, for a man named Potter. He was captured by the Indians, he and another man. They bound and tied him. They took the other man and went away and killed him. As they were coming back, he had to get his hand loose, and there was a stake just a short ways away, and cut himself loose. He was naked and he was a good swimmer because he was raised sixteen miles away from Lake Erie and they showed him how. He was a good skater, too. He jumped into this horse and the horse was so exhausted, he never came up. They shot at him with bows and arrows and with one or two rifles they had, but he'd stay under the water. When he got through on the other side, he was naked. The nearest place where he could ? was another camp that was down the river four miles and he went there and they put him out with some clothes.

He joined with another part of them, went up Missouri River and up Yellowstone River and into Butte, Montana. There, he met Bishop Hardy. He was lead in the mind, thinking he was about to die. Bishop Hardy nursed him well and brought him into Salt Lake City and converted him to be a Mormon. When he joined the Mormon Church, it killed his mother. There wasn't a

think in the world that he could have done, in her opinion, that was as bad as joining the Mormon Church. All the people were very bitter towards it except some of my cousins that I correspond with and have visited. My sister, May, visited with them and also my brother, Ashley. The ones that are alive are not so bitter, but they were raised sixteen miles from the Kirtland Temple and they were very bitter towards the Mormons.

After years, I was on a mission, 1908-1910, I meet this Mrs. Potter out north, this way of Rhode Island. I looked for an apartment and I told her my name. "Well," she said, "I knew a Bartlett once, but you don't look a thing like him. It wouldn't make any difference, because the Indians killed him." I said, "I know I don't look like him, my father had black hair with a little wave, about two white spots right in the part. Just like you would [put] your fingers in the white snow. That's my father." She said, "That couldn't be, because he's been dead for years, the one we know. He's the only ex-soldier that come to work for my husband." I said, "Well, I'm son of that man anyway." So I had my father write her. He did. She cried for two weeks. She said, "That's just like hearing from the dead." Then she told me a lot more about his capture that was very interesting. Then he came to Salt Lake and Bishop Hardy converted him. They lived here in Holladay. My mother was a convert from Denmark.

CF: What was her name?

Ross: Annie Jensen. "Yensen," we called her. Her father's name was Clitton; he changed his name. He was a government schoolteacher in Denmark. He changed his name to Clitton, but their name was Jensen. Ann Preacher's obituary, time after time, right up here in the Tabernacle. He knew her in Denmark and what trials she went through. She's the only one of her folks that ever joined the Mormon Church. So, they then traded this little place off with it's land up here and got this land up here where the golf course is.

CF: Mountain Dell Golf Course?

Ross: Yes. Here's another interesting item. I don't know if it's historical or not, but Charlie Decker was a son to Bingham Young and he used to drive up and down this canyon with great big, black horses with brass knobs on the harness. He was considered one of the richest men in Utah, Bingham Young's son-in-law. They had these fields up here by Heber, up on Kimball Junction, in that area,. Kimball Young, pastures of ? , he'd stop there and get a sandwich or something from my mother. She said it would make her tremble every time she came in.

So time went on and he had left all this. He came to Vernal and all of his wives and all his money was gone, and he died. I hitched a mule on our single buggy and took my mother out to lay him out. He was in the dugout with just some logs for front. We call [this area] Ashley, that's Ashley Ward and [the] north part of Ashley Valley. My mother said, "I never thought I'd lay Charlie Decker out. He's the grandfather to all these Deckers through this country. She said, "I never saw such a body so dirty in my life as that was, because I had to scrub and scrub to get him clean."

She was in Relief Society for forty years in the stake presidency. She delivered the lectures in the Union Stake Academy every Thursday for the girls. My father built the Union Stake Academy with his own hands. My brother, Bart, stayed in there and kept the fires up so plaster wouldn't crack or wouldn't freeze. That was kept in session until the county got strong

enough to have a high school, and then the church gave it to them. That high school is still over there.

C.C. Bartlett, when they went to Vernal, they went there with four oxen, two milk cows, and they were six days getting up through Daniel's Canyon. When they got to the head of the canyon, the soldiers from Fort Duchesne was there with four mules and wagons loaded. They had a jack, and they greased their wagon. My dad wanted to use it to grease his wagon. It wouldn't lift his wagon, so they helped him cut a pole under there and all that was on it and they greased it. That's the way they did that. Daniel's Canyon today is considerably different than it was the first time I went through there. There was no road, they had to make the road.

They went on to Vernal and they milked these cows everyday for the children to eat. Well, they forted up and they talked to Little Joe. He was a Ute Indian, a White River Indian. The church called Jerry Hatch over there afterwards to be the first branch president and he talked to Joe, Little Joe, they called him. He told them to fort up so they wouldn't be hurt. He couldn't say what would have happened if they would have stayed out. Charles Bingham had four families or five and what's now Dry Fork that winter: my father, Jim Henry, Israel Clark, Jerry Hatch, and a family by the name of Hendersons. I have some relatives Hendersons, but there is no relation. They were forted up just a block west of where the center of Vernal is now. They had a very rough, hard winter. The food they had run out and they had to kill their deer and stuff, whatever they could find to eat. Snow was about nearly four feet deep that winter in that area of the country. As soon as spring came, old Uncle Pete Dillman came in the next year. He carried mail from Vernal on foot from Green River, Wyoming. That's one hundred fifty miles.

After ? the government asked him to go up and find out what the trouble was. That's fifty miles on foot. No gun, all he had was a pocket knife and a little jerky meat and stuff over his shoulder and he went up to Meeker and found information. Jamie Povick (?) was an Indian girl and she was a daughter of Aropeen, who was the son of Colorow; Colorow, who Colorado is named after. Aropeen was the son of the Indian in charge of Indians. When this Blackhawk War was on, the Ute Indians, Jamie and her family, my father's home was one of the few places where the Indians could come. Israel Clark was another one. A few up at Tommy Bingham, that was a son of Charles Bingham. He lived in ? for years. They would come. There she was, the girl working for Colonel Meeker. When she heard him say that he had to get reinforcement, she went and told the Indians. Whether it's the Lord's will or not, I don't know, but she had four of the nicest children in the world. I was so dead stuck on Amy when I was seven or eight years old, or nine, I thought she was the most beautiful gal in the world.

Well, Amy, Tommy, Alma, and their baby all died, and so did her husband. They never matured. Then she married an Indian by the name of Red Jacket and when she got ill, she died in our home. Came there to my mother. Our house was a two-story house, there in Vernal. It still stands, saw it Saturday.

At conference time, they'd come and they'd say to my mother: "Well, you'd invite us if you would have seen us." The house was full, we always had a big, long table. In walked twenty Indians, so my mother kind of threw her hands up and said, "My sakes alive, what are we going to do with them?" My father said, "Take care of the whites. The Indians will take care of themselves." They'd put their bedroll down along the wall and sit on it. When one of the whites got away from the table, why, an Indian would take his place. This Jamie I'm talking about, she was among them this time. She just took off her shawl and went into the kitchen and went to work with my mother. She knew how.

An Indian shot my brother, George, right through the side of the leg with a .22. They were drunk on too much of ginger. He lived then on the reservation, just four miles from their camp. They wanted to eat and he said, "Go on up home, you're close to your home." As they rode off, they just ? out of the saddle and shot back at him. They were so close to killing him that you couldn't see because it was just the thickness of a thick tissue paper from the big artery. The doctor said, "When you hit that, why, it would have killed him." Nothing could have stopped his blood.

This ? so well that Indian agent, sheriffs of two counties. My older sister was married to John Merkley. They lived just four miles from Whiterocks on their farm, their ranch, homestead they had taken up. So, Hatch Murray was her brother-in-law. He was sheriff. He came down. He said, "There's five hundred Indians in the brush up there. They won't talk to us. So somebody's going to get killed." So, the Indian agents there and the Indian police and sheriff from Wasatch County and sheriff from Uintah County... He was sheriff for Uintah County. She called her oldest boy, whose name was Bart, Bartlett Merkley, but they called him Bart. She said, "You go up and get Sourdough Bill and bring him down here." He's the one that shot my brother, George. "Go get him and bring him down here." Hatch Murray said, "? that boy will get killed up there, they're hostile, they're mean, they're barricaded in there and they won't come and talk to anybody." "Aww," she said, "That's what's the matter with you. Something must be wrong with your head. Eat some dinner."

She told her son to get on a horse and get up there and bring Sourdough down as fast as he could. It was four miles. He rode and he was gone as long as it takes, about an hour, hour and a half, something like that. Here comes Sourdough with him. They sat right there and settled the deal and they all went home. That's the Indians. If you are friendly with the Indians, they're friendly with you, if you don't cheat them or hurt them.

Over here, in on the Duchesne River, my dad was going to conference. Six other wagons were going, too. Now there was an Indian village on the Duchesne that's between the Duchesne and ? and where Myton is now. Used to call it "The Bridge" before the town was there. When he got up there, his friends were all piled on up the road and that's the only grass there was between Vernal and Heber City. He said, "What are they going up there for? We drove them away." He said, "They're my friends." They put a man on a horse and brought him back. Those are conditions with the Indians and with the whites and with everybody. If you show a little judgement and a little friendliness, you'll get along a lot better in this world than you do if you stick your head in the air and your nose in the air, put people aside and people don't like to be pushed around. They like to be part of you and ? and that's the way the west was settled all through.

One day, my dad said to me, "You better go to school." And that's out to Provo. George Billings gone out and taken a load out the wagon. He said, "Bring my horse back." I had to help get him some more wheat and stuff. So, one morning about five, he woke up and he said, "You better go if you want Bishop Billings to bring this horse back." So, I mounted her and rode her from Vernal to Provo in a day and a half. Lot's of people don't think that can be done. George Young led me up to Strawberry Valley. I stayed with Dave Murdock that night on Red Creek. That's when they had kind of a camping place there, kind of a cottage where they took care of travelers.

I gave Dave Murdock his first automobile he ever had. I came up there, when I got ready to go, he threw his saddle in my car and he said, "I'm going to ride in that damn outfit with you up to Deep Creek." That's the new road to me. We used to out over the old road and over Niger

(?) Heaven and over Currant Creek and up Coal Canyon and out of Strawberry Valley in the early days. I said, "How are you going to get back Uncle Dave?" He said, "I've got a horse up there." When we got up there, "Why," I said, "I better help you catch him. That horse is so old he can't run. I can catch him." My horse and outfit went back and that's...

The courthouse was built. My dad's name is in the corner of the courthouse. He was the first county clerk. When they started, Vernal men that were over on the Johnson, a few more of them was on over on Ashley Creek, they said, "Why, you can't ever have a town out there on that bench. There's no water. It's dry." They said, "Well, with your help and all of you, we'll have a town over there. Black herders had a flour mill over there for years on one of the canals. Then came in more people, Merkleys, Hackensons from Cedar Fork, ? a lot of them from Montpelier, Idaho. Some more from over in San Jose Valley that Brother Lyman and Brother Brown, John Z. Brown, converted from Kentucky through that country and they landed in the San Jose Valley. A lot of them come down to Vernal and lived, the Sprouses, Bullens, and Sowards, and Flormayet (?). That's where a lot of the population come from.

My father was a bee keeper. If you ever heard of Vernal, I believe he's the man that made it. We used to extract approximately one million pounds of extracted honey a year; two thousand pounds a day. Here is a little thought as we go along. I don't know what your religion is or anything about it, but when they talk about preparing the food for a year or two years, I've had a few reasons to believe that it's true that we need to do that because we bought a sawmill to make bee timber, hives, and frames. My grandson has beehives there, had four of them. Two of them died. He only has one of them left, three of them, I mean. I bought this sawmill to build all this. We was buying this stuff from Rawlings, William M. Rawlings, from Provo, hauling it out there and it was pretty expensive. That year we had 1800 colonies of strong, fine bees. There was no nectar in the flowers for three years. They looked the same. Had to feed the bees powder sugar for three years so we had to put that sawmill to work.

Then when I was in the seed business, we had another time when the alfalfa seed quit having seed in it. The curl looked just the same. When you mashed it that way, there was no seed. It took them twenty years. A young fellow by the name of Carlson, kind of deep, set around in the fields working on it to get some information to get his masters degree, was going to Cornell. When he got to Cornell, two of the doctors there told him that they were working on the theory, too, and they thought he was on the right track, and that they'd give him a scholarship if he'd continue to work on it, and he did. They assisted him and it took twenty years to find out what was the matter. There was a weevil stinging that flower with this seed and it would live on that seed and then fly away. They couldn't see the mark of the thing. They finally cultured it, watched it go through.

Another thing that we got into besides a chelsea fly that looked like a mat and if sell your seed in the fall, you get it out in the fields, you were okay. The growth to the ground of the frost was stopping it.

We had three Greeks out there. They had a big crop. I tried four times to buy it and Dixon Seed Company tried to buy. Occidental Seed Company tried to buy it. "No, we're going to hold it to a price that's better in the spring." I said, "You're making a mistake." I knew him pretty well. They held it in the spring and sent me word. When they were ready to sell it, they wanted me to come up. "Well," I said, "No matter what the price is, you've lost a lot of money." I said, "Give me a handful of that seed." I put it down on the table and I took my pencil and rolled over it, about eighty percent of it just smashed up like that. There was nothing left, only just the shell. Those chelsea flies flew out of there like you turned a herd of mosquitoes loose or gnats out of

the sacks. I said, "Do you see what we told you about last fall? You didn't believe us." They did after that. Those are the conditions in our lives with crops of all kinds that verifies the wisdom of our leaders and all in preparing and storing fruit. You never could tell when something was going to hit and I tell you when it hits, it don't ask you, it just hits. It don't make any difference who they are.

Well, the town of Vernal was one of the loveliest places in the world to live. It was quiet, and the people were fine, all of them. Indians came over, they used to go hunt up in the White River country. We had three tribes on the reservation. The young Uncompahgres, the White Rivers and the Uintahs. The Uintahs were nearly all Mormons. They cover way down here in Thistle Valley. One of them said to my dad, old Charlie Mack, and I just heard his grandson over that thing this morning, didn't hear his voice, but I heard him talk about it, but one of the council on this Indian friend, name Manning of Arizona, is the chairman and Lester M. Chapoose. They put M. in very strong because Lester Chapoose would sure be dead because he used to ride race horses for me and his uncle Bernie Mack. Charlie Mack came to my father one day, he was a Ute Indian. He said my father's name was Charlie, too, C.C. Bartlett, Charles Claybourne Bartlett, and he said, "Charlie, my Mormon's sure wore out, where can I catch another?" He's been through the temple and wore garments. These Mormons are all wore out. [Indecipherable comment] He was an interpreter at Fort Duchesne for the soldiers, Charlie Mack was. This Lester M. Chapoose on there for me, he must be a son of Lester Chapoose. They were grandchildren of Charlie Mack.

CF: Charlie Mack Chapoose.

Ross: They were just, had his voice on. They were just talking about it this morning on there and I'm going to ride with Lester Chapoose. I saw a woman drive out ? I asked her, my daughter couldn't get over it. She said, "Dad, you see to know nearly everybody." An Indian girl was waiting on us. I said, "Come over here." I kepted looking at her and my daughter said, "Why do you keep looking at her?" And I said, "Well, she resembles someone I knew."

"What is your name?" She told me her married name. "I don't mean that, honey, I mean what was your name before you were married?" She said, "Reed, Stacy Reed." Stacy was Jimmy Reed's son. She said, "Yes." I said, "Did you know Jimmy Reed?" She said, "No, I didn't. He was dead before I was born." I said, "Well, Charlie and Jimmy, these Reeds, their grandfather was a white man. Their mother was a squaw."

I had another experience up here on the reservation. I sold a cane to an Indian at ? down here. His old squaw was there with a hood around her head and a shawl around here. Will Perry was married to an Indian who was raised over on Black Fort, Wyoming. Up there their father was a cattleman, pretty well to do. He was an Indian. They were full-blooded Indians, this Will Perry's wife. She stood there and I knew her well, knew her family, knew her husband. Sold them this team and they moved away and, boy, I was so mad. "Ross, do you see that woman there that you sold that to? See, that's my sister." "Golly," I said, "How could she choose that man?" She said, "That's what I don't understand. She is one of the finest trained nurses in America. She has been the chief nurse in three of the biggest hospitals in the United States. She's got money in the bank, and she came back out here to marry this old Indian and she said, "I think she's going [unintelligible comment] live clean and nice and educated and all." She was educated by her father. Sent to school and become a nurse. There she was, and when she told me that, I couldn't believe it. She said, "Neither can I." Her sister was one of the finest dressed

women, straight and strong, and had a fine family. You can tell they are darker complected than some of the other whites. She lived just like another white, just like any other human being with a fine husband and fine family and there was this woman like that. That's what you can't understand.

So these Indians headed by Red Cap wouldn't submit to the opening of the reservation. Wopsock was the chief of the White River Indians and he invited them to stay where they were. Red Cap was a fiery Indian. He took them up to North Dakota and the government wouldn't let them on. They wouldn't give him any rations. That's the poorest looking outfit you ever saw, when they got back. They stayed after that.

Walksaw (?) was a chief and the other one wasn't. This Red Cap's grandson, George Red Cap, he was 6'2". He and Pete Arkansas were going to school in Riverside, California, when the First World War came. I don't know whether they joined or whether they were drafted. George become sergeant in the army. Now he has to be pretty smart to do that, but some friends of mine, he was home now and married, big hat sticking up here and a feather up in his hat, blanket up here, just see his eyes. Three or four of these people from Salt Lake here, they were out there and wanted me to use some of my equipment. Well, they wanted me to take them up to Sun Dance, so we went up.

This one woman said, "Oh, these poor Indians, never out of the bushes. How do they live? What can I say to them?" I walked over by the side of old George, although he had his blanket up and stuff like that, I knew him. He's just looking like he can hear her talk. She said, "What can I say to them?" I said, "Say how to a Ute, that's what he wants. Everybody thinks it's hello or something, but it's not; it's 'what do you want'." George (?) couldn't stand it any longer and dropped his blanket down. He said, "Lady, have you ever been in Paris?" She said, "Why, sure not." He said, "Well, I have. Have you ever been to London or Berlin?" She said, "Why, I haven't been to Europe at all." "Well, I have and several of these poor Indians have been, too." She would have liked to have fainted. She goes, "He can talk English!" I said, "Write English, too!" She no sooner got away, he put his blanket right up and become an Indian again.

So time went by and Pete Arkansas Sr. and his wife come to me at my office there where the seed plant was. Happy looking, he said, "Pete is coming home." See, the war was over at least two, maybe three, years by this time. When the stage come in, why, this man got off all dressed up, looked like any other man, two books. I shook hands with him; I knew who he was. Father and mother was just all smiles, had their little old wagon and team. Pete said to me, this Jr., he said, "Could I leave my suitcase here with you?" I said, "Yes." He got into the wagon, kneeled down behind them Indian fashion. It's six miles to their camp. A week went by and here they come. The old man, the old lady, they looked like they'd been shot. Sad, sad, Pete is going back. I said, "What's the matter with him?" He walked right up in front of me and he said, "Ross Bartlett, I'm an Indian. I know I'm an Indian. I love my father and mother. I cannot live like an Indian up here anymore." He said, "If they can come with me and live with me, I'd be happy. They won't, but I can't live like an Indian anymore."

He got on the stage and left. Well, if he ever came back again, I never saw him. I don't know. He was a trumpeter in the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. The finest trumpeter there ever was. I heard him play. Not in Detroit, but there, while he was home. I want to tell you that he was a fine-looking man there, about six feet. Him and George Redcalf went into the army together. After the war, I guess I'm the only white man that ever talked at the Sun Dance.

I took some friends up there and the Sun Dance was on. In the Sun Dance was three of the boys: Plat John and George Redcalf, I don't remember what the other name was. I think there

was four of them that was over there in the war that was in the dance. Old Dave Wheats was Indian Police. I knew him well. Dave Wheats, Dave Cuts and he got me right here and he pushed me like this out here about as far as from here to that house. "What's going on, Dave?" I said. "You talk," he says. "In there. Tell them about the war." In other words I knew what he wanted. The people wanted to know why we had these wars over in Europe.

So, Henry Johnson learned to talk English in the penitentiary. He was double-crossed once. Nice fellow. He was interpreting for them so we could get it all straight. Finally, it hit me all the way. He says, "I'm give out." So, I thought I'd help him out, and I told Dave and two or three of the other Indians: "I know," I said, "that Dr. Rich in Vernal is the commander of American Legion and his wife Ethel is the auxiliary commander and I'll get them to come over and talk to you." They thought that would be fine with him. They didn't say anything about her. Dr. Rich said he'd go, Homer Rich. I brought Him into Vernal myself. Introduced him to his wife up in Boston. Well, he said he'd go on. Just when he was ready to go, he had an operation for appendicitis and didn't go. It came on very suddenly. He was a very sick person. He said, "I'll have Ethel go." She drove over thirty miles with a horse and buggy over there. They wouldn't let her in. Oh boy, was she mad. So, that's some of the... I don't know. Did anybody tell you about the crazy Indian?

CF: Why don't you tell me about the crazy Indian.

Ross: Nipiquance.

CF: How do you spell that? Do you remember?

Ross: I have to look it up.

CF: That's okay, we'll do it some other time.

Ross: I think it was... I can tell you where you can find it if you'll go up to the church, I guess at the Historical Society part. Almeda Perry, who used to teach in the Agricultural College, she wrote a story about him. Now, it seems to me like its N-I-P-Q-U-A-N-C-E, seems like that's the way it was; you can't go by the sound. That meant crazy. He laid there for how long actually nobody knows, but his skin was just like yellow. I seen him a lot of times and he laid there in the winter froze down in the ice, they chopped him out. Their names were ????. His brother's name, that was their surname. There was a family of them. There were two other men, they were brothers of his. They kepted him around Sumner's place. Had a little tepee like this with a ragged quilt kind of in patch sometimes. You could show a dog chew a hole in them if you were naked. Had an overshoe on one foot and maybe a leather old shoe on the other that were wore out. Never had any, not even a ? hen you take ? all over there and threw a quarter, ask him to stand up and he'd stand up. He was there for forty years. The story Sumner told me was that he killed his wife and killed her mother, and that he was doing penance. He said that he chose that himself. I've heard other stories. I don't know whether the brother told me that. I took that to be authentic. He'd get up at night. They'd get up in the morning and there'd be rabbit fur ?. He'd catch them at night and eat them, raw. Chopped him out of the ice time and time again. Lay there in the hot summer, winter, nothing over him. They took him up on Mosley Mountain to get rid of him. Twenty miles away they went with their horses and brought it back. It wasn't so far right down Whiterocks, clear up around, to go over it, and dumped him off. When they got back,

he was there. They rode around the way we went up, on their horses, and when they got back, he was already there. Whether the things that he did was a fact, all I know is what this Indian told me. This Indian, they carried him into Sun Dance, couldn't walk. He weighed 220 pounds. Rheumatism, all like that, couldn't walk. Laid like this against the wall for two days. The third day, he started doing the hopping up and back, like they do at Sun Dance. That is, blowing in his mouth, whistle, walked out of the well. I went with him. He had a little ice cream place there. I said, "Would you like a cone?" All they sold was cones. "Yeah." Costs a nickel, so I bought him one. I stood right there and watched him eat forty or more. He had been in there for three days and three nights and went in there crippled with rheumatism and couldn't walk. Walked out. Now then. That's a little like that the Lord's not a respecter of persons, if he's faithful. He was faithful to his belief and I think the Lord heard him and saw him. Those medicine men were praying over him and fanning him with an eagle feather.

CF: Must have done something.

Ross: Well, he walked out well anyway. Now then, the physicians said the fast is what did it, the fast without food and water. That's Dr. Douglass down at ... There's the one that found the dinosaur. You heard of him, I suppose.

CF: Go ahead and tell me about him.

Ross: He was from the Smithsonian Institute and then with the Museum of Natural History in New York. This Dr. Kay never went to school, I don't think, in his life. He worked for Dr. Douglass, hanging the wall chip. Had a lot of boys try it, but they wouldn't stick with it. This Dr. Kay, he was raised there in Jensen and he worked for him and become a lecturer. The most known man in America on dinosaurs, because Dr. Douglass was a teacher. He was a doctor, and he was a fine man, and he spotted this five-toed horse and a lot of these things. He knew where to look.

Well, I was down there one day with two or three others and he had specimens that's always been there. Never should have been taken out. One hundred twenty five feet long, from the tip of his nose to his tail. Twenty-eight feet high, his front legs. It was completely intact, all except one vertebrae of his neck, looked like it was just pushed out like that. The head and all ribs arched and everything as it should be. I don't remember how many wagons it took to move that or where it went because I was out of the country for quite a while. When we come, of course, it was gone. But this one is separate of the University of Utah. Just wasn't much bigger than the bugger's front leg. It took ten wagons to haul him out here, to haul ? up here the first one. They got two or three small ones I think, too. Dr. Douglass held class down there, where the people come. He'd lecture to them on pre-historic animals and showed them the difference between the flesh-eaters and the tree-eaters and the dinosaurs and the rhinoceros and the five-toed horses, petrified fish. There's lots of those around. Dinosaurs, he opened them up and these. We'd have a nice park down there is this Cena Club whatever they are, that didn't seem like it worked.

CF: Sierra?

Ross: Sierra, yes. They wanted to make a park there and this Sierra Club said they'd flood over the dinosaur park and they wanted to put in a dam there and take water over to Colorado on the Green River. They said they'd flood that. It wouldn't be there no more than it would be this one down here, down in Boulder Dam, down here by Las Vegas, Nevada. Why that's the way they keep that little town up, beautiful. That's what would have happened over there. They would have had a nice town. The caretakers and the dam takers and some electricity out of there and all that stuff.

The asphalt field over there is going to make them rich. There's an oil well right up on the divide that they dug fifty years ago and when they had ? proved up on it, there was twelve feet of oil in it and it's there and it's been capped ever since. The whole line west of Vernal is asphalt. There's another whole mountain over there just out of Price, who hired me. They used to sell to the state before they started putting oil down to get away. Then they got oil and they'll have to get away from that oil and have to back, but the estimating up here at the University how deep that is, that whole mountain before ? right west of Vernal is asphalt. They estimate there's a billion barrels of oil right in there and up at Whiterocks Canyon. There's a space around sixteen feet wide, just look like it was blasted with oil and they've dripped oil out of there. That's the oil shell out there. The government stopped it. They were buying it in France and then in England and they were selling those fast as they can brew up on crude oil. They stopped them and now they're going back after it again. The cheapest of that sold for \$13,000 an acre and the most expensive for \$125,000 an acre, cash money.

That's Jim Henry. I'll tell you this other item. It's kind of spooky, a little. This Henderson family, I have two brothers and a sister. Old Man Black's wife was the first one buried in the at Memorial Park. He owned half of that ten acres. It had come clear down where Frank Walker lives and we had a bee cellar at the end of it there. Put the bees in there, a lot of them in there in the winter time and keep them from dying and getting cold. Israel Clark was a man whose home was just half a mile on the corner of the next section, like our was on the other section, and you could hear him talk up there at our place just like you and I, like he was sitting in your house. First time I heard him I said, "Seth, your father's here from New York." He said, "No, he's down home. He's been out to Salt Lake with his oxen and a man appeared to him at the river crossing at Duchesne, told him not to drive into there or he'd get drowned."

There was an old bridge there. He said he didn't think so. He was a big man, physically big. He drove in, his oxen got down and he was trying to get it up and he got down in the water, said he couldn't tell what had him. The other men that were with him come along and helped him to get out. When he got through the divide, going down into Vernal, a girl appeared to him. She told him that she and her four sisters were going to die, that's the Henderson family.

I have nephews out there, the Hendersons are no relation, and they were forced up there. When they drove in, he asked my mother how the Hendersons were. She said, "I was just in their house a few minutes ago and they're all well." He said, "They're going to die." The oldest girl appeared to him on the divide. A week after that they took sick and they all died. Their father and mother left and the graves were standing up there with a pole fence around it, next to ours, and we took care of them for years. Scrubbed the ? away and put some flowers on them and they were right there in Memorial Park. They were put up there just after my two brothers and sisters, before I was born, died of diphtheria.

That gives you a little idea, anyway, that some of them you see, these physic people, talk and all this stuff. I've met several of them. You can give it to ? or you can give to a natural

visitation. Whatever happened to him, he knew it was going to happen before it did. Told it to the other folks and that was that.

I was seven years old before my dad quit carrying his six-shooter. All of them would go to church with their six-shooters. Their boats, their whole business, and that's the way the country was settled and they was used to it.

When they bring the stage line in there to come from Price through Coal Canyon, Nine Mile, Gate Canyon, and into Vernal, took them two days. They dug this well out at the Wells and it's salty ?. The horse was killed, one for me, too. If you lived there and drank it all the time, for the horses, then they do fine. They transferred that, the government did, over to ?. The ? company got the contracts and they run the first automobiles in. Six-horse freight outfits hauled the freight in. They had two stations, one in Vernal and one in Fort Duchesne. They'd go in and they brought automobiles to haul the freight in.

Old Man Brimhall come from Farmington, New Mexico, in there with one arm and six head of little ponies and twelve children. They made about \$200,000 selling oats and wheat. Took land out in the south part of the valley and went back down to New Mexico and left his children pretty well-to-do. Parks down at the point of the mountain and went back to New Mexico and tried to build a railroad from Cuba to San Sedro (?). Cost him \$150,000 and broke him. I got the bell. We had the bell on our back door. It was on one of the engines that they had. We have it and call things in and out.

CF: Let me go back and ask you more questions. You mentioned that your father met Bishop Hardy up in Butte, Montana. Do you remember when that was? Do you remember your father telling you?

Ross: That was when the Civil War closed, [18]'61.

CF: That's when it began. About [18] '64 or '65.

Ross: Well, then, it was just about a year after when he met him up there. It would have been about '66. My mother was born in '44. She was about twenty-one when she come over. That would be about '65 and they met here at that period, here at Salt Lake.

CF: So, your father was... How old was he when he converted to the Church?

Ross: In 1948. He was seventeen when he went in the army. He was in there two years from the eighteenth. He was about twenty-one years old.

CF: What did he do when he went to Salt Lake? What was his trade?

Ross: Cowpuncher.

CF: Who did he work for?

Ross: People who live around here herding cattle right up and down this range, right where Brighton is. The heads of the canyon. When his horse give out, Drew Bailey was with him. Leonard Bailey filled a mission for me. Drew, Leonard, came off the track. I came off the BYU

track. His horse give out up there, the one they were riding, and they had some wild horses they corralled in a round corral they had and he got on one of them without any training for the horse. When he got out of the corral with him over the tops of those mountains for twenty miles, he couldn't stop him and several times he thought he was going to fall down one of those cliffs. Well, he herded cattle for them, and farmed a little up here.

My father had kind of little eating stall and he hauled carved wood down here one Saturday and got here too late to sell it and had to pull it clear back up there. There was horses and wagons clear back up to Mountain Dell and then come down with it. He said they didn't have anything for them to eat there. That's way he came down so late. They didn't increase (?) their food so he had to come back again for it to sell the wood. He herded cattle up here for the people here in the area of the country before he went out to Uinta Basin.

CF: Did he tell you some of the people he herded for? Was there a co-op herd?

Ross: No. They were individuals.

CF: I see.

Ross: They put them together and they'd hire these me to look after them up there. Jim Nelson, I know, was one. Fisters (?) was another. Old Man Hensey (?) was another one. That's all I know of.

CF: Whereabouts in Salt Lake did your father live?

Ross: In Holladay. They had a little place in Holladay. Jim Nelson, that run the store in Cottonwood, and his mother was about a fifth cousin of my mother. That's the only one of her relatives that ever come to Utah, that ever joined the Church. They kind of called him uncle and he called them her aunt and so forth. They stayed there and he came in one trip and Old Man had the brewery up here, and had pair of big, gray horses. Thought he had the fastest trottin' team in Salt Lake County and Jim said they were going into conference. If you think your horse could out-trot that team, he'd come up behind him and was trying to pass them. Well, the fellow said, "I think so." Who had this brewery up here?

CF: Wagner.

Ross: Wagner, yes. He followed him clear out to Traveling Lodge (?), where Hotel Utah is now. He said, "Any team that can out-trot mine, I'm going to buy." He said, "You're not going to buy these." First time I was ever in Salt Lake, that's where we camped. I was nine years old. Right where the Hotel Utah is. This City Creek, right down to water our horses. Camped right there and had a campfire and everything.

CF: What motivated your mother and father to leave Salt Lake City and go out to the Basin, out to Ashley Valley?

Ross: Well, they wanted farm land. They were preparing to go to Arizona. They heard of Uinta Basin, so he hired a saddle horse and rode out there and looked it over and he said it appealed to him, just what he wanted. A place where it was new that had farm land and water. He liked the

language of nature all his life. He liked to hear the birds and the cattle, horses, and trees. That was his enjoyment. His enjoyment was his work.

My mother and father were the doctors and the ones that laid [deceased people] out. I inherited that, too. I nursed eighty cases of influenza. My mother was getting pretty old and when she heard I was [nursing people], she started again. I called her and told her to stay home, she done her share. When she got quite near-sighted, as she got older, and my father got hard of hearing, they ran off from a bridge at 2:30 in the morning. [They had] laid a man out and dressed him. Father said, "Well, if they want us anymore, they'll have to come and get us; we can't see. I can't see and you can't hear."

When I had scarlet fever at eleven years old, Dr. Buchtel had just come into that country from internship. He only stayed two years. He was too big a doctor for that. He was a heart specialist. He left our place and become a superintendent of the St. Joseph Hospital in Denver. She sent for him and he came down to our house. He said, "Mrs. Bartlett, I understand I'm the first doctor you ever had in your house." She said, "That's right. I wouldn't need you now." if I knew what this boy broke out with." I broke out with scarlet fever, so she was working between me and Horace Calder's family. His boy my age was very sick, too. So, she had to come over and look after me and she told Orson and his wife, she said, "You've got to stay awake tonight. His fever is going to break. Don't you go to sleep. You have a little brandy there to give him a drop or two; lots of fresh air." And she come home to me. I could remember that just like it was yesterday. Why, the way I felt, it would be nothing to die. I just wanted to go to sleep.

She hollered at my dad, open the windows and doors and she come with a teaspoon full of I don't know how many drops of brandy, give to me and it perked me up. Brother Calder and his wife was sitting right by the boy, but they went to sleep and when they woke up, he was dead. That's the difference. She nursed us. She nursed the flu, nursed the ? when she came across the ocean, and she waited on the sick all of her life.

She was in the Relief Society in the Uintah Stake for forty years. She was a matron in the Uintah Stake Academy for twenty years, teaching the girls how to dress. I bet when these girls go around with their ? stuck out, ragged overalls and stuff, I bet she whirls clear over. She was really strict on dress. She was a teacher. She did all of her life. By the way, she and Pete Dillman were the first two schoolteachers in Vernal, in the Uintah County.

CF: How did she get her education? From teaching in school?

Ross: Teaching mostly

CF: How about medicine?

Ross: Same way. Just practical. She don't know anything about the... Just like food. She said, "I don't see [it], I was born too quick. Now they have all this sub-division and lovely things that they're talking about to eat. My poor children, I don't see how they live. All we had was meat and potatoes and corn. There was lots of it, but it was just plain, everyday food." See, we didn't eat pork, never at my parents' house. We eat beef, mutton, things.

They didn't have education in those days. When I went to BYU, they had a department called the preparatory department. Whether it was married men and women that had never been to school, they went right through with as many grades as they could in a year, as fast as they could. They pushed them forward. They couldn't put them up in training school with little

children because they had little children older than the ones that were up. Then it came through, even the men and boys, when I was on a mission. Many of them come, but never had been in school hardly any. What they had was, my dad was a college graduate. He had a friend in Ohio, they always corresponded in shorthand. That's something out of the ordinary that one could read the other one's shorthand.

CF: How did he get his education?

Ross: In college.

CF: Here in Utah?

Ross: No. Before he come west. Whether he graduated or not, I doubt that, but he was in the college out of Cleveland before he joined the army. He had a pretty good training for people for the area out in the wilderness where he was. He could ride horses, broncos. When the reservation was opened, he went so high. He made three yokes in the bulls and bought six, two bulls and four steers. My brothers and brother-in-law said you can turn work your oxen. Give them a little corn, turn them out by the cows left by the hay. I'll break them.

He made the bows and the oats (?) over there. When they got through with them, they paid \$25 a head for the steers. Then he used our registered bull and bought one from Bingham what they bought from us when he was calf and they were wanting to get rid of him. Now he was getting along in years, broke them. Those steers when they got through with them, they got \$400 a span for them.

I was driving a pair of them into town. Sheriff come along with Preece. He said, "Get them things off the road there," scaring the horses to death. So, I was driving another outfit of horses, Fourth of July, and I had a big pair. We had the first ? big horse that ever come into the valley and had a pair of them. Now, one of them was ? than the other one. They were registered. Brother Preece had a pair of my horses with 1,800. His team weighed about 1,400. They were dapple grays and, boy, were they pretty. I had them on leave and I had sixty children on this float. I was about fifteen, I guess. I hit a limb up here and it snapped loud. I didn't know the sheriff, Charles Applies (?) was deputy. I didn't know if they were anywhere around. Boy, to have those leaders like that! He said, "Watch out for the trees after this." We had about a four mile trip that we went to that parade. Boy, any one of them could have run away with me. When they get scared, when that thing snapped, they just jumped like a gun. They all had them.

You just ask me questions, and I'll try to answer them.

CF: How did your father prove up on the land? Did he homestead?

Ross: Yes.

CF: How many acres did he homestead when he went out?

Ross: One hundred-sixty.

CF: I guess he built the cabin then and put up fence?

Ross: Our house over there is built so it will stand any kind of hurricane. It's built with two by fours and two by sixes as the skeleton. Then it was lath and plaster on the inside. Then the dobes [bricks]. Then out here was the sheeting and then a black building paper and then the rustic on the outside of that. We tore one room down. We couldn't hardly tear it down, it almost stands by itself. He built that library and then put a porch on there instead, with these black nails without any point, square nails about that long.

Our fence, he fenced the whole one hundred-sixty acres sheep-tight with poles, cedar posts and no wire. Took the willows, placed the wire that they put on now to hold the poles up, made that come around, figure eight, from here to the bottom of the willow here, and then he come around the willow, figure eight, like that, and back, and wraps the little part of the willow around here.

My sister, Sharon, died about six years ago. She's Fred Bingham's wife. When I went out to the funeral, there was twenty rods of that fence still up. I doubt it's up now because when I was just out there Saturday, I asked Frank Walker if any of that fence was up and he said they built a church right where our orchard was and they built some other things on there and the place doesn't look like it did the last time I saw it, in six or seven years since my sister died.

CF: So, what he would put up the cedar posts. How many?

Ross: Two posts together.

CF: How close together?

Ross: Six inches apart. Four inches I think would be better. Posts are not even. Maybe they would try to put them about four inches apart. Then the poles were six poles in every panel. They built posts so sheep couldn't crawl through. He put all those up. He hauled those poles thirty miles and the cedar about ten miles.

CF: Okay, so he had these...

Ross: Trees all around there, little slips of cottonwood, hauled from the river, and all lived. Otther people wanted to hurry and get trees and they brought bigger trees up and they all died.

CF: So, every four inches they would put in a cedar post?

Ross: No, a cedar post would be a pair, like that, see, together and they're in one hole. It stood up like that and your poles went in this way.

CF: Then he'd wrap that with the...

Ross: The it was a rod to the next pair. Here'd be a rod. We'll say this is a rod. Here's the two posts here. Over here is a rod now, and the other two posts would be here and there was eighty rods to the half mile. It went each way around a half mile, four quarters in a section, and we had one quarter and Hoskins had the next one, and then Clarks down on this one, Brad Bird the other one. That made the four quarter sections.

CF: How did he come up with that idea? Had he seen that kind of fence before?

Ross: He was just a man that had an imagination, along with, he was frugal of everything. He wouldn't ? of anybody or anything. A lot of those men were that same way. ? was. They had, of course, been raised on a farm in Ohio, just out of Cleveland thirty miles. His father was well-to-do. So, I guess he had set him up and then he had business from all over the United States, if he'd just leave the Mormon Church.

When he was on a mission, why, mother was on dirt floor and five children in Vernal and he decided to come back, gone thirteen months. Told my mother and she said, "You could have gone because all of my relatives are in Denmark." He said, "If I ever wanted gone, I would have stayed while I was there."

He was my grandfather's oldest son. They were devout Mormons. I mean, when there was counsel, they kept it. I said to my mother, "What do you think about that?" She said, "I don't fully understand, but the authority of the Lord has spoken and it's our duty to keep it." That's the way they both were. They were called to have their second endowments by Joseph F. Smith. I don't know if you ever heard of that or anything about it.

CF: No, just briefly.

Ross: That's the key to the spiritual offsprings my father told me. I told my brother-in-law, but all you have to do is to refer to any of the old-timers and they'll tell you how devoted my parents were to their faith. We all filled missions. My oldest brother spent over nine and a half years in New Zealand. His first four years were a missionary, then he was mission president. My other brother was in the northern states and his mission president got sick and he was the secretary and he was really the president for two years, I believe a year, until they sent him to Germany to be president. He was the first missionary to go into Carthage, Illinois, after the Mormons were run out of there, he and Heber Snell.

Here's a little fun shot in all of this. He was on the ? Mission. He had a bay horse that was a thoroughbred. My brother, Bart, claimed him and named him Moy, that meant sleepy-head in Maori. My brother delivered the Polynesian language talk in the Tabernacle when they had all the languages of the world up there, of the missions.

We had a man by the name of Aaron Kimblin (?) working for us. He was a convert from Indiana. Couldn't read or write, but he could sure trade horses and train them. He had a couple of studs. Studs never put a halter ?. He'd just say ? or I can't remember the one's name. The other one stayed and the other came over to breed the mare in the same corral, never take them out. Well, he had a big saddle horse like this bay, Moy, actually to ride him to go to church. So then, he'd bet these boys that's outside that his horse would outrun theirs. So, he rides up there, it was dark of course, kind of moonlit, and he'd ride up where Moy was and he'd ask Ashley if he could borrow it. Ashley, he didn't know. Why, he was in there holding a meeting with people. He'd take Moy and go down and outrun him. Then he'd go out back with Moy and tie his horse up, you see. Then he'd tie Moy up and bring his horse back and it took them a month or more before Ashley heard heart it and he sure scored old ?. The word got out that Aaron worked for us. Ashley goes to meetings and preaches to the people while his hired man's outside running races, winning him some money. There was some hot words spoken over it. At least some of them got wise to the fact that he was more ? movig again. When they found out, they made old Ern give the money back he had won a month to six weeks before they found out. They'd follow

them around, you see. His horse is ? so ? home if they had've done they could have told the difference.

CF: When your father went out with your mother, what did he take out with him from Salt Lake to Vernal?

Ross: Everything they had.

CF: Do you remember him telling you what some of the stuff he had was?

Ross: That wagon was so full that this government hack wouldn't lift it up. They had some seed and what little furniture they had and the rest of the food and seed and stuff to live on, flour and things of that nature, but they lived mostly on game. I used to kill quite a few deer and some ducks and various things and take them home. I'm the youngest of the family. They wouldn't touch it and I said, "Why don't you eat some of that, it's good venison, those are good ducks." Mother said, "We're sick of it." She said, "When we had these they were usually poor and strong. We would go out and whatever they could see, they had to kill to eat. We got so tired of it, that it was strong and not very palatable. If the children could see a potato, they'd eat that like your children of today eat a piece of cake or a piece of candy."

They finally got good crops. Our land was very fertile. They took everything that they had and built a log house and then their children, the others that were born out there, the first of them were born out here. I was the only one born in their big, two-story house. The others were born in the other one. They worked hard and raised crops and didn't work on Sunday.

Our neighbors across the road worked on Sunday. They'd come down and say, "How is it that you get better crops than we do?" I don't think that had anything to do with it. My dad knew how to irrigate good and a lot of others would flood their stuff out or leave the water on too long or something like that. Our stuff never got water on when it wasn't supposed to be there and just for the length of time, and we got good crops.

We got wheat. We got from sixty to eighty bushels to the acre and my dad wouldn't raise oats. He raised barley. He said, "I want to raise food that people, as well as animals, can eat." He raised barley and he raised wheat. We had nine big pigs, 200 pounders, hung up in the loft like that. The only place we had to sell them was the butcher shop and they were loaded. They stood right up there and just shrunk up and we threw them away. They were corn-fed, too. I'd eat them now, they wouldn't eat them then. This was the kind of a man my dad was.

John Clark was our neighbor and he brought two men when we got this first big ? mare and they said, "That mare was stolen from us. We'd like to show you a foal." I said, "Okay." He took me with him. We set out on a little low out of our pasture. She was ? and she was shed off. There wasn't any hair on her. If there was any brand, you would have seen it. They knew right where it was, so they clipped. Wasn't much to clip, but they clipped. They couldn't find it so they went to another place on her. They remembered another place. They clipped her from her ears to her tail on both sides. So they couldn't find it. They said they would have to try a little more information, so they left.

So, in about a month the mare just had her colt and was just growing out. She was registered. We knew all about where she came from. They came back. They remembered where that brand was. So, Father stood right there in the yard. I was right beside him. He said to John, "Right up that lane is my big gate." He said, "You better get through it as quick as you can or

something very serious is going to happen to you.” Old John, he was younger than my dad, a little bigger, but he knew him. They left. That’s the last. They never did remember where that brand was.

So, I said to my father, “Why did you say that? Why didn’t you let them examine her? She hasn’t got any brand. I know because I’ve looked every day on her.” Our pasture was half a mile long a quarter of a mile wide. Two roads on each side, on that side and on this side. He said, “That mare is running in that pasture. It could have been very easy for someone to slip in there while they were thinking about where that brand was and put a brand on and then come and say a brand was on her.” Well, that ended that.

Another time, we had eighty acres out past our farm, two miles away. We lost a pair of ? in the ?. We were going out to this other place. I was driving. Here come another wagon towards us with a man sitting up in his ?. He had a place just beyond the eighty acres of ours. As he got up even with us, my father said to this gentleman, “Stop.” He got off and all he said was, “How are you, Dick?” He was sitting up there in his seat holding his lines. Took the double trees and threw them in our wagon, took the neck yoke off and threw them in our wagon, and said, “Good morning, Dick.” Left his saddle in the spring seat, holding his lines, and ? threw his neck.

Another fellow lived down another mile from them. He didn’t have quite enough grain to chop out his hay. Our grain was a little different than his color and all. So, when this gentleman was going to thrash, my father said, “Throw that bail of seamless bags in the wagon.” I said, “Where we going?” “We’re going down to help Billy Casper thrash.” I said, “Are we?” He said, “Yes.” That’s all he said. We went down, the thrasher started out. He walked up and put his sack on the thrasher spout where the grain come and washed it and nobody said a word. Thrasher’s going on, just this man whose place we were on was there, too, and everybody. When we got down to Billy’s grain, he said, “Billy, you come and put your sack on mine.” I said, “That’s your grain now. I’ll take mine home. Thanks for all of it.” He stole it out of our place. Hauled and ? his sacks out. Different colors. You can see the color, tell all about it. Straw was different, different kind of wheat. We took ours and went home and he went on and thrashed his own. That gives you a little idea what C.C. Bartlett was like.

CF: When he went out and homesteaded the one hundred-sixty acres, how did he determine what he could get?

Ross: A lot of it already had been filed on, see. A man by the name of Perks had filed on this, the fertility of the land and free from rocks, and close to where you get water. They brought the water out, bringing the canals, and they determined where they could bring the canals and he bought this relinquishment from this man. He wanted to leave the country and he left this one through the land office. See, then you had to spend to live on it so long and give so much money. Two hundred-fifty dollars, I think, was the fee then. On the other one we had four years, where you take up six hundred-forty on the forest, then that was eight hundred dollars you had to improve it, about housing or money, whatever, you had to pay eight hundred dollars on that land in there. It was quite a few of those things taken up.

CF: When your father went out to the Basin, I mean, went over Daniels Canyon, he went through the Indian Reservation. Was there any problem that way with the whites traveling across the Indian Reservation? Just as long as you didn’t stay, I suppose.

Ross: No. They were friendly. When he went out there, that hadn't been designated. That wasn't designated an Indian reservation until after the Meeker Massacre. That was just state land. After they designated it as a reservation, it was after Meeker Massacre. That's when the treaties of Brigham Young gave those Indians over there.

They gave them thirty-two million dollars about the time Ernest Wilkinson became president of BTU. He was one of the lawyers. He was chairman of this law firm that sued the government. Got these thirty-two million dollars on the treaties that were given by Brigham Young while it was a territory, before it was a state. After the Meeker Massacre, they designated it as a reservation government. They brought the Uintahs and Uncompaghres (?) and the White Rivers all in there. They're all Utes, but were from different parts of the [country]. One of them was up the White River, up towards the Peons (?), ?, Colorado. The Uintahs were from down here in the Thistle Valley, in that area of country. They made that designated as a reservation. On the other hand, the Indians were very friendly with our place, with Thistle Clark. They lived there after all the time when I was along.

Here come one Indian one day, with his hair all braided. I had a sister, Nell. She was dark-complected, my father was dark complected. He had gray eyes, but he had ? skin and black hair. He had six head of ponies, quite a little pile of Navajos. Brought them in and laid them down. Put the ponies in the yard. He come over to get my sister, Nell. She said he never looked like ?. Anyway, Father explained it to him that she was. He turned it over. Stayed there two or three days. There was three of them bucks there at our place that were drunk, quite drunk, on ? ginger and my sister, May, was like her dad. She wasn't afraid of anything. Her sons, those Hendersons our there, Frank Walker's wife and she and I worked together in the honey all the time. She was a great woman.

My sister, Sarah, she was just older than me, two and a half years. She was more or less a timid sort of girl, but here's these three boys in the house and they ? around the table, put their six-shooters on the table and got their ? cards, and they're a little different than our playing cards. They are the same size, but they're different. There are dollars up there, each had a pile of dollars. I was so scared, my tongue was sticking to the top of my mouth. My sister, she went to her room and shut her door. Not May. She was out there in a few minutes, gathered up their guns and gathered up their money, and said, "You get out of here." Such a ? of a soul. It was thirty days before they ever come back to get their guns and their money. She turned to my dad when he come and he gave them a talking to, too.

They used to come and put their horses in the pasture. One time there was three squaws come, and they used to beg what they could around bread and stuff, where everybody would give them anything. Well, their horses run out and went home, cack over. They were from around Ouray, down in that area, which is about thirty-four or thirty-five miles from our place, right to the town. But they never lived right where the store was. They lived out, around two or three miles out, maybe ten miles out. They had these bone saddles and made them themselves. Followed on to old Bess. She was ? gray. They put all their blankets and their saddles on there. The saddles had horns like this and they'd fill them full of blankets and traps and their bread they'd bake and whatever they could get. Fill it up and then they'd put another saddle on. Then another saddle and then after they got all their saddles on, they loaded one of these women up on top. They had to go on walks and trade off. Old Bess was gone for ten days. One day, here she comes sticking her head over the gate. My father told them to turn her loose when they got through with her, let her go home. Here she comes, sticking her head over the gate.

I want to tell you this over one. Two squaws and a little boy about fourteen years old. My mother used to make a cornstarch pudding in a milk pan, big pan. Not as big as this pan, but a milk pan. He was sitting there at the table and I was there and these two Indians. We were all just eating. My mother hadn't sit down to eat yet. My dad wasn't home. The girls, I don't know where they were, but this kid was sitting right with this pan of pudding. So, he started forking it over on his plate and it was a great big vegetable plate. He filled it clear full 'til it started oozin' off the edges. Then he tasted it and didn't like it. These old Indian gals went after him. My mother said, "Don't make him eat if he doesn't like it. He doesn't have to eat it." He looked up at her like he'd like to go her way, but not this woman. She made him eat every bit of that.

The way he ate it was this: Mother always baked bread. Well, there's more bread in one of those slices than there is in one of these loaves that you buy. He took as big a mouth of bread as he could and a big swallow of milk and just as little as he could on his spoon of this pudding. That's what he ate until his stomach stuck out. He couldn't walk. They made him lick up every bit of that, and that's the way he ate it. Just think what went into his belly.

They got land and made section ditches and made two canals, upper and lower, took out of Ashley Creek and made section ditches, every half mile, and then put in ?, little like this, like your splinters. Went to benches ? here, depending on how many shares of water you had. So, you've got your full amount, whether the water was low or high, was split right on that. That was entirely level and it was about ten feet long, laid in there so the water came in on that level. You've got no water fights over that.

CF: Did you father, when he built these canals from Ashley Creek, did he build them himself or was there a company?

Ross: Oh, there was, depending on how many homesteads there were. They all went together. See, there was an organization called the Central Canal Organization and the Upper Canal Organization. Now we have High Line Canal, too, that was put in just a few years ... it's been forty-five years. It seems late to me because we've been there. Well, Dad died before I left the country to go away. It was a company, it wasn't just one man. They were all together there and they all had their lands and homesteads and they all went together in their operation.

My father was one of the first sheepmen that started in that country, had the registered bucks and stuff. My brother, George, got to be a pretty good sheepman, and when my father decided for himself to go into the bee business, he decided to keep a few sheep. My older brother, when he came back from New Zealand, took my other brother and brother-in-law and made a partnership and went into the bee business and lumbering business and so forth. Went out of the sheep business.

CF: What kind of sheep did your father raise?

Ross: Rambouillet. Just like Old Man Seeley down here. This here Hinckley is all the rest of the Hinckleys, of the Seeley money, there is in operation that I know anything about. The boys drank themselves to death and Madison, he was his foreman, he bought their stock as fast as they wanted to get some more whiskey. Earl died up here in the ? Hotel.

Bob Hinckley's wife was a Seeley. She got part of that money, her share. They put in the telephone business up in Ogden and then Bob got into politics. I knew him so well as a boy. He's the one that helped start this ABC radio/television. He sold out and that's where he made a lot of

money. His wife went into the automobile business and when he sold out and come back, they bought all of the Dodge businesses here in Salt Lake.

CF: Where did your father run the sheep in the summer?

Ross: We used to run them up in the Shendo (?) The Shendo is a hollow that goes out on the flat mountain towards Dry Fork and up on Dry Fork Mountain and up on Little Mountain.

CF: How many flocks was he running?

Ross: Oh, he just had one, had about a thousand head.

CF: Did he hire a sheepherder, or did he have you and the boys do it?

Ross: George and Ashley did it. That's my brothers.

CF: Did he sell the wool or the mutton?

Ross: Sold wool and sold mutton, too.

CF: Who did he sell it to?

Ross: All the butcher shops and people around. They'd take their lambs out to Green River, Wyoming, ship them out on the railroad. A lot of our wool come out to the woolen mills in Provo. Old Man Smoot, Senator Smoot's father, that's where Pete Ashton lives now, his automobile business, he bought the old woolen factory. But we took out lots every year and got woolen blankets, clothes and various things that they knit and prepared in that factory. He hauled lots of wool up there, too. My father belonged to the Colorado Honey Producing Association. We'd sell what we could. Shipped it all over the world.

CF: How did your father get involved with the honey business?

Ross: He wanted to.

CF: Did he know about...

Ross: No, he learned it.

CF: Where did he buy his hives from?

Ross: From Royslance, down in Provo. Royslance was a wholesaler in lumber hive frames and we made our own after. We had a big platform, bigger than this floor in this house, with little circular saws and everything on it. We cut our own lumber and made it. We had three years of vacancy, but after that we had honey again, lots of honey, and we sold his birthright for ten years of maple syrup and sugar from Ohio.

We had that and honey, too. Studied the bee business, like I'm telling this. Root and Company put out an ABC book on bee culture. He studied that and he took the "Bee Gleaming," that was a little magazine put out for them. He got good enough that he took the first prize at the St. Louis World Fair in honey, always at the state fairs here and the county fairs.

My brother-in-law, John Merkley, he said, "My honey is as good as yours." "Well," I said, "I suppose it is." "Now I want to prove it to you. I want you to put your name and label on those six bottles of mine, same kind of bottles, to go over to the county fair." He said, "It's just your name that gives you first prize on this honey. So, there's the labels. Put them on, son-in-law."

When they came along, when I was doing the judging, they said to my dad: "We'll give you a first prize on those six bottles there. What's the matter with them over there? That's not anywhere near the same kind of honey as this?" He said, "We're going to give Marsh over here second prize." My brother-in-law stood right there and heard all this. When he got through, he says, "I guess I'll have to give up."

There was two reasons why his honey wasn't as good. He extracted them a little too quick and then it was reservation flowers instead of alfalfa. Our honey was all alfalfa and clover. Then my father let it cure, let the bees get all the water out and cell it over before we extracted it.

CF: What is the process of extracting honey? How did your father go about doing it?

Ross: Centrifugal force. They had extractors with the frames in, like this, and mold it with your hand, turn it with your hand and throw it out, and then you'd reverse it. They'd made them so they were this ? comb ?. They would stand like that and his horse took so long, and then you'd have a handle to reverse them and then you'd whirl it again through the other side so there's a division in the cell. These cells stick out, this would throw them out. The wax kept off. This is what made wax. We saved that, too, and a lot of people heat it down on the stove. But we'd sun plaster it, same as your window pane, only a little thicker than this thin paint. Sides curled it up like this on the south side of our ships and put our ? in there and the sun would melt it and it would come down through pretty blocks of wax.

The centrifugal force, now the beekeepers like Old Man Miller here, he started out in Blackfoot, Idaho, and then he followed a different system. He made his bees work the year round and working in the alfalfa fields. He had one yard out in the Uinta Basin. That was long after my father was dead. Then he'd take them to California in the winter. He made them work the year round. A lot of difference in honey, they have it. Now, they have motors that run these extractors.

We had a man by the name of Lon Perry that worked for years. He was just like an iron horse. By golly, he'd throw 2,000 pounds of honey a day with these extractors. We had a beautiful country for bees and then a young fellow by the name of Hampton came out there and brought three or four hives of bees from Salt Lake and they had ? bee inspectors. Old Man Marshall is an inspector from the state, lived there and had to. He didn't know anything about bees and neither did anybody else.

They kept on wanting to buy my mother's bees after my father's death. Offered her \$10,000 for them, what she had there, and my older brother said, "Keep them. We'll take care of them for you and give you honey and the money." Next spring, the bees were all dead. Looked something like a mother around the outside of the larvae.

Your bees only live six weeks in the summer time, in the working period, and they live three months in the winter, providing they have honey and they're strong enough. They revolve like that, from the outside to the in, so the insides get full and they come out and the others go in and they keep that honey liquified and move around like that. Your queen has to be constantly laying eggs and when things are so she can't, then your bees die. Foul brood kills the young.

Now they handle it like scabies on sheep. It was killing sheep until they found out how to cure it. We had a stick like a fork [to lift the sheep and] put them in a big vat, about as big as that door. We had ten sheep in there at a time, swimming through sulfur and nicotine, a mixture of powder that they got. We would stick them so they would go clear under that mess and they'd come through and that's how they cured the scabies. The other stuff [in bees] they cured with hot water, scalding mostly, and burning up the cones and the things that have it. They've got so they can handle it now, but that was brought out there by a young fellow by the name of Hampton.

That was the most perfect bee country in the world. There was lots of alfalfa. No disease among them. Whenever you concentrate on anything, then you have the disease come in: horses, cows, sheep, bees. Just plants like the beets up here have that white worm (?) that was eating it up until they knew how to disinfect the seed so it wouldn't grow. That's the way life is with people. Concentrate people and then you get disease. Study all these things. If you have a little imagination, with what people tell you or what you know or something to that effect. That's how university professors become professors.

Now, I just read something today. I believe it's in that paper, said that they're proving conclusive, the scientific men, that these Indians didn't run around here wild and ferocious in the early days of this country. They had homes. Now, that's something, isn't it? We've preached for years about the Book of Mormon. Now the scientific men were talking about it right there, this morning, in the newspaper. Joseph Smith said not to use tobacco years ago. Now, the medical men of the world are trying to tell them not to use it.

CF: Mr. Bartlett, you said you had something.

Ross: In Ashley Valley, when I was in my youth, there were three groups of people that were divided with their horse races. Tom Caldwell, who was neighbors to us, had a very fast animal and his son, Frances, used to ride for him. Then he matched a race with Charlie Crouse and Mr. Overholt. Mr. Overholt run the saloon and Crouse run the ranch. They were in the cattle business. My father, C.C. Bartlett, was judge and they ran a straight piece of road where there wasn't any other tracks, about a mile and half east of Vernal. Tom Caldwell had his 160 acres, 5,000 sheeep and \$2,000 in cash bet on this race. When they come to the race, Overholt, Whipple Gal (?) was the horse, they weren't even riding on him. They had trained this horse to run there. Of course, there was a fence on each side of the road. They crossed the reins over his neck and gave a signal. That Whipple was ordinarily the rider, he was on another horse, almost as fast with a four-horse whip. (?) He never touched Caldwell's horse, but he put it out over his head and tapped the other, their horse. Caldwell's horse had 110 pounds on him, so they outrun him. Caldwell had a fast horse, lost all of it. They had to move to St. George.

Tom Caldwell's brother, William Caldwell, was in the Blackhawk War. This, I tell you, shows you that not all Indians are all savage. After the war, Joe was eating in our home and Bill Caldwell was with him, and he said, "Bill, where were you during the war?" Bill said, "I was home under my mother's bed." "No," he said, "you weren't, Bill. I saw you two times where I could have killed you. I said, 'I remember how many times we have eaten together.' That stopped me from pulling the trigger." That's just an idea of friendship that is quality and that the

Indians have and would have been friendly to all men if it hadn't been for the crooked white men that got among them.

I knew John Duncan well and he stood right here in the mouth of Emigration Canyon when the Mormons pulled down here with their first wagon. Judging from what he told me, he must have been about twelve years old. He said, "My, they didn't know what in the world was happening when they saw these 'wagon cows,' they called them, coming down in covered wagons with horses." When he told me this, he must have been quite a little bit over one hundred years old, in mind and body.

I told you about my mother crossing the ocean. Jess Lyman used to come down from Meeker, Colorado, with cattle. By ? it was fifty miles.

This year I had a hundred and fifty acres of hay, alfalfa hay, almost ready to haul. President S. R. Bennion was a stake president for twenty years and he was also a big sheepman and he was our neighbor. He says to Charlie, to my father: "Your horses know how to pull. My horses really haven't pulled nothing, only a buggy or a sheep wagon." He said, "The door and the windows of the tabernacle we're building are out in Daggett, that's sixty miles. Could you go get them?" Boy, I jumped about a foot and a half high. I said, "No sir, we've got to haul hay." My dad was very excitable. He said, "Yes, I'll send the men in the morning." Two hired men we had, two, four-horse teams. They left for Daggett. It would only take five days to make the round trip and then the hay might be a little drier, but it wouldn't hurt it. In one day we would have had the hay up, if they had been home.

It started raining and soon it had been five days; soon it was three weeks. Mud and stuff and everything. Cross the Green River on a ferry boat. Our hay was black as could be and I said to my father: "You see, Mr. Lyman will never buy any of this hay this year." We lost it. We stacked it; we looked like niggers when we got through, from the dust. Well, as time come, here come Jeff Lyman and said to my dad, "You must have had your hay in a silo this year. It's a little darker, but the cattle would eat it all right." He said, "Is the price the same?" We told him yes, same as it was every year. When he paid him, my father said, "You see, you didn't need to make so much fuss. There's the hay and here's the money." That was the expression my father often said and whenever he had a boy on a mission, he had more money than he did any other dime in his life.

CF: Let's talk a little bit about the opening of the reservation in 1905. Tell me about the circumstances. You mentioned a little bit about the gypsies [who came] by.

Ross: Our farm was surrounded on the east, west, and the north by roads; the south [side] joined another farm. They came from all over: Colorado, Oklahoma, as far east as Illinois, with wagons and horses. They camped by our ditch (?). There sure were lots of people. Every half mile in Vernal they laid out the irrigation system. There was a ditch every half mile and it would run every five or six miles east and west. They camped along this ditch and the land office was in town. Don Lee Colton and Charles Mosley was the receiver and registrar for the land office. They'd work there and they stayed and they'd go to the reservation after they were registered to try to pick out a piece of ground that they could homestead. Some of them just looked and left. Others stayed and got land and the first drawing was by Al Murdock's daughter at Duchesne. Number One, that was the first drawing. She got the poorest piece of land there was on the reservation.

CF: How did they get their numbers? Did they reach into a hat and pull out a number?

Ross: No. It was according to the way they got into the land office and registered. They gave them a number. As they come in, they all registered because it went on a year nearly, or more. The first day, I think, was a drawing out of a hat or out of a container of some kind. Now, that is what's come back to me. But after that they just got their numbers as they went and registered and was given a name and given a number for the name and they went and hunted up their land. The registration was segregated into sections and then into tracts of land and they had a number on the land.

CF: I see. So, the number matched the land number?

Ross: Yes. They didn't go pick it out. They drew a number and the number was just across the Duchesne River for the land Murdock got. The water up on the benches was alkaline, sulphurous. They never got it to do anything, like a lot of the rest of the land on there. Roosevelt is the same age as Twin Falls, Idaho. That was the belt in the Cary Act. This was reservation. Well, the land was altogether different. Up here is potash land and this land is just fine, fertile soil, but lots of it is gravel.

They put... Well, here's an example: when they put Class C down the top of the bench between Myton and Roosevelt, George Murphy had a farm in what we call Ioka, right at the foot of the hill, the bench we call it, down here. He raised oats, about sixty bushels to the acre. The next year he came down to me and said, "What in the world can we do to this?" He lived in Vernal and his son had taken up this place. There was about an inch and half of water all over the ranch. Seeped right down from Class C, right down through the rocks, and all over that portion of the land in there. That's what happened to a lot of the land with these PWA little pools up on the hills and different places like that. Some of the land was spoiled trying to get water for others. Like that hollow there where they... Have you been out there recently?

Down in Mud Hollow there, that was all just a vacant swell in the ground and they built that water off the canal there on Indian Bench. That Bottle Hollow wasn't there. They took the name off Bottle Hollow, which is three miles from there. Did you know how it got the name? It got it's name from the whiskey bottles, the beer bottles, the soldiers threw out. They'd dump right along the edges, so. Cut Hollow, out of Fort Duchesne, up on the road, you see, it went straight through Fort Duchesne to where Myton is. They call it "The Bridge."

Old Man Cowart (?) ran the bid. He came into the Uinta Basin as an Indian agent. The first agent over there was Captain Pardon [Dodds]. He was the first agent on the Indian reservation and he married a sister to Abram Hatch. Joe Hatch and his family are all related to the Hatches. A few of the daughters are left. He was the first Indian Agent ever to work before Myton came in.

[They took enormous advantage of the Indians.] \$50,000 Indian money in his pocket. Myton went out with about the same amount, \$100,000, and Captain Hollow (?), he went into C.S. Carter. Carter lost his first ranch through drinking whiskey. Then he drank tequila and was over it. Ran sheep up on Lake ? and through that part of the country. Captain Hollow was also an army captain. They had all the country where the reservoir is and Strawberry Valley and up on the mountains. Tabby Mountain and all that area of the country. They released to ? and to other of these people who were there. Made themselves a lot of money. Carter's share was \$200,000, Captain Hollow about the same, maybe more. Then they sent him from there to the Philippines. They took him back from ? service to the army and when he got to the Philippines,

they court-martialed him and he was dropped out of the army. You see, this money they got was annuity money, that came to these Ute Indians.

When Julie Martin was agent, in came a man by the name of Butler from Washington. He was a special agent. He found on the roll five hundred names that have never had a human body to fit them. Five hundred Indians that supposedly had never lived. My, in would come these along with cash. They used to pay them in cash. Then when Albert Kneale come in, after Julie Martin was sent back, was pulled out of there, Albert H. Kneale came in as agent, they put the money in Grand Valley Bank at Grand Junction and it was all done with checks.

The money would come in cloths, these nice gabardine cloths, by the bails, to those new Indian farms. They'd burn them up, threw them away and they brought in a great big ?. Well, it would cost them about \$6,000. They threw it up in the dump up there in Whiterocks and my brother and brother-in-law went up and they had tried to beat it up and all they were able to do was break one casting. So they took it down to an Indian agent that they had it. There wasn't scratch or pen or anything else company to see anything about it. They just picked it out of the ... They also built a fire around it, those temperate steel planters, you couldn't burn them up. They weren't strong enough to bust them up with a sledge hammer. So that's the condition of the Indian affair for many years.

CF: When the reservation was open, how did you and other people around the Vernal area look upon that, with the newcomers coming. Was there hostility?

Ross: They were friendly. They needed more people, and the only ones that objected to the opening of the reservation was the Indians themselves. The White River Indians. I told you about Red ? leaving the reservation. They left, went up to North Dakota and the government wouldn't pay them and wouldn't give them any food. They were the most rugged-looking outfit you ever saw when they got back through the Uintah Reservation.

CF: What about the people that were coming in? What kind of people were they?

Ross: Most of them, nice people, fine people looking for land. Good American citizens, most of them. They were good, solid people that needed and wanted to get a hold of some solid land to earn it without buying it, see, homestead it. We don't have those homestead rights anymore. You [could] homestead 160 acres. Then later there was a bill that you could home on the mountains and on the reserve they could homestead 640 and then you could go out to the mineral claims. You could file on it. It would cost you about \$800 to prove up on a mineral claim. That was usually just an acre or two or your ? sometimes ten acres. Depending on what the prospects of the mineral was.

CF: How many people were involved out there in the Vernal area when the homesteading [started]?

Ross: You mean in the valley?

CF: I mean people that came in.

Ross: People that came in. There was close to approximately five or six thousand people.

CF: Came to the Vernal area?

Ross: Yes. That's where they had to come because that's where the land office was. You see, Uintah County used to be part of Wasatch County. Wasatch County used to reach clear to the Colorado line, and then Uintah County was cut off, and then Duchesne was cut off from Wasatch. This Vernal is the biggest city this side of Heber and it was about the same size Heber was then. It was much different.

CF: I read a little bit about William Smart, of course. He eventually became stake president out there in the area. He indicated that he wanted the land for the Mormons, that the Mormons had the first right to the land. Was there conflict in the church? Did they preach in church that the Mormons should come in first before the Gentiles?

Ross: Mormons have never been that way, never will. William H. Smart was sent to [the] Eastern States Mission from Rexburg, Idaho, where he was a partner with **YUDOL??** and his brother, Joe. He was pretty well-to-do when he left Rexburg, Idaho. Went to Eastern States Mission as president. They brought him back after he was released there and put him in as president in Heber. Then our old president, S. R. Bennion, was a very fine man. A lot of the things that we talk about so severely today, he was very lax on. That is, I believe he converted more people in the country than anybody that we ever had.

William H. Smart was sent in to kind of correct that and to get down to the basic principles of the Church, the Word of Wisdom, primarily. He was very, very staunch in that regard. He thought he was there for that purpose and he made some enemies and he made some friends. He organized the Uintah State Bank while he was there, but was never the director. He organized, bought out, a bank out in Duchesne, which was a bad move from him. He bought [a] paper at Roosevelt and then sold it out. He, himself, was an aggressive man, with his division of brains, was entirely on the side of the Mormon people.

When the first reservations opened, the group of Gentiles, as we call them, non-Mormons, came from Colorado and the East. They built a big building, now we call Independence, that's on the main road. Was going to build themselves a town there. Well, it didn't succeed. The big building, I'm not sure it's still there or not. I haven't been down that road for a number of years. All it was was a big store building, like any store, maybe twenty-five feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet deep. They finally got enough interest to buy a big schoolhouse there and then they moved up to Myton. Most of the settlers, people, were there. B. L. Garth (?), Old Man Gentry, William Gentry, and a man by the name of Charles was the head of the reclamation for the Indian reservation. That's putting the water on and stuff. They were all pretty much bitter toward the Mormons. Particularly Garth (?) and Gentry, and they had one or two others. I can't remember their names. They told William Smart that they didn't care to have their meetings in Myton. So, that's after he had been... No, he was still a stake president at that time. So he said, "We'll go over here." That town was named after old Teddy Roosevelt, not after this socialist we had in later. It was named after Teddy Roosevelt. It was on Old Harmston's homestead.

It wasn't long until B.L. Garth and Gentry and them come: "We would like to hold meetings over here," because Myton never did succeed. B.L. went broke. I'll tell you how they went broke. Ab Lambs lived ? Idaho and he and Garth were quite friendly. Garth owned the bank

at Myton. Ab got a little behind with his payments on the money he borrowed to buy cattle and Garth was the man that wanted to get them. So he and his son ? went up to foreclose on these mines. When they had been the best of friends.

Well, Ab got drunk then down in Duchesne and called him every way he could and he said he was going down to kill him. Well, there was a newcomer lawyer come into Duchesne and been there maybe a couple of months, but he got hold of him and said, "Come up to my office. I want to talk to you. Now [if you] kill, they'd put you in the penitentiary, probably kill you and you've got a family. Now here's the other way."

I know I'm telling you the truth. I'm not using the actual words, but I wasn't there. I stayed with Ab and his wife a lot of times. They kind of run this little hotel. He said, "Love him, don't kill him. Go down and kiss him if you have to. Get warm and friendly with him like you used to because he hasn't got any place to put those cattle, Ab." He run his own on the Indian reserve. Ab had a permit on the Indian range and also on the ?. He said, "He'll come up there and want to put those cattle on there, I'm sure." He said, "If he isn't, then I'm mistaken." He said, "Get them branded in your name because he has no permit and you have." That's what happened. In the spring, here come ? and his father, B.L., and they branded all of Ab's cattle, already had his brand on that they had foreclosed with, see. Then all of their own and a total in the neighborhood of five hundred head. Put them up on that local creek mountain, if you know where that is.

Fall came and Ab and ? came up, or B.L. and his son ? went up to see if they ought to start a-gathering them up. Ab told him while the peas and everything was ripe, they ought to stay up there for another couple of weeks. Well, he had five head of punches up there a-rounding them up as fast as they could right then. He took them down to the railroad there at Heber. That was the first one, I think. Well, they took them to the railroad right there and sold them.

Well, while this was going on, somehow somebody had leaked it out and it had got down to Garth. He went up there to where they had loaded with a lawyer and signed an order to hold them. Well, the fellow that had bought them, he just put up a double purchase, a double insurance which is twice the amount. He went to get the cattle and they were gone. Ab had his money. He went to Vernal first and paid off the Bank of Vernal he owed. Gave so much money to his wife at Mountain Home, then went back to Salt Lake City, stayed drunk for about two weeks. Then he come home.

I was right there the night he come home in Mountain Home. He was the sickest man you ever saw. There was the sheriff and Garth and his son and everybody. When they saw how sick he was of the influenza, why they got away from him. His wife took him in, his friends took him to bed. Well, in the morning Ab had gone to heaven and was dead. They couldn't have gotten their money. Those rangers had to testify that they was Ab's cattle anyway, because they put them on the range under his brand. If they ever said that they thought they were Garth's cattle, why, they would have been ? . That ended the bank in Myton and virtually finished that little town.

Roosevelt is a good, big, thrifty old town today. Better now than it ever was. They're hitting oil all over that country out there and that mountain west of Vernal is full of asphalt, always has been. All those streets in Vernal and sidewalks were all from that asphalt right there at the top of the hill. When these people came in, they were all seeking homes, except this bunch that I told you about in Myton that were the promoters.

Out at Nine Mile there was a man by the name of Preston Nutter. Well, I knew Preston Nutter very well. He and Old Man Kent (?) were so drunk, can't resist a drink of whiskey, he

couldn't resist a rule. Every time he went by him with a mule, he bought it. I took a bunch of horses to Price to sell for a stage line and the mines and I had a pair of mules. "Don't take them to Price, I'll buy them right here." I said, "I've got to have them on the wagon until I get to Price. We'll see what you give me for them when I get back." He bought them.

They advertised for a school teacher and one came from New York, a fine-looking girl about twenty-two years old. That was for his punchers and for people that lived around. I met her. She came over to Myton two or three times to a dance. I met her there. That was the nearest place to have any social life at all. She told some old women there, "I'm going to marry that old man. He's not going to live very long and he's got a lot of money." He was a multi-millionaire. He owned ? down at the Buckskin Mountain. Some [were] six or seven years old, some weren't even branded. She married him. Well, she had two married daughters by him before he died. His hair was whiter than mine. The first time I ever saw him, his skin looked just like an elephant, brown and tough. There was nothing soft about him.

Well, he owned these Bradford (?) Apartments. He owned a lot of things here in Salt Lake before she married him. Now I read an article about it the other day. They called it the "Cattle Queen of America." This fellow, he was cooking for her and she wanted him to punch cows, too. I read that about a year ago. I remember when she was a little girl, fellows come in from Denver. They started in at Colorado Springs, Wellsville, a set of series of motels. That on the line ?, and he said the ? like seven ?. Well, he said they were ? was their object. How much would you sell this for? "Well," he said, "my cattle and range and everything I have to sell it altogether." He said, "You could have it for about eight million." That cured that right then.

CF: You mentioned there was some gypsies out in the area for a while. Tell me about them.

Ross: They didn't have anything to do with Indian reservation. They just traveled through, telling fortunes and had kind of zoo, with monkeys, bears, race horses, and they camped there every year just the time we went on up. So I, one of the younger, I was eighteen years old, I tried to tell this gypsy woman, she was a married woman, her husband was there with her, how to tell fortunes. I said, "I'll tell you some fortunes to make you some money." In other words, I'd tell them about these people. Oh, she got mad as a wagon, but the old woman pushed her away. She said, "Tell me those fortunes." So I did.

About two days later, a crowd, she had crowds of people, she told things that I knew about people and she told them to them, see. Things that were going to happen to some of them, too, ahead. Boy, here they come. That's how susceptible people are. They think somebody will tell them the future and that. Doing that after the reservation was open.

Here's something else action but ? Salt Lake City. ? was a mechanic, put a shop in at Roosevelt and they drove through and the *Vernal Express* plus the *Tribune* in Salt Lake City. One trip from Salt Lake to Vernal by Leslie Ashton of his automobile in the daylight. That was about 1917.

CF: Was there any kind of fights between the homesteaders and so forth when they went onto the land?

Ross: No. There was none of these like picture shows. Nothing like that. There were a few disputes, like the land, for instance. I can show you this one up where all my brothers live, up at Tridell. They were building a canal, so the Indian Department come to them and said, "If you put

it this way, you won't have to cut through that hill. We can serve this many, forty acres, that the Indians were given." They built it where they wanted to build it, where the engineers said would be the way that they could have the water down to the end. That's where these other farms around the point from that area are. When they got it all done and the water running, the next thing we knew, why the Indian Department had put padlocks on the all the lateral ditches. So the farmers got together and went to Washington and it costed them about \$30,000 (?) but after they submitted it, Reed Smoot was the big shot there in Washington then, he got a hold of the Indian Department, Congress, and they paid them back.

Then they had money enough to put in the canal, cut it through the hill where they started to do it in the first place. They had to go through that hill in order to keep off Indian lands. They were just pouring that water on the sagebrush grounds. The white farmers would go over the valley. Now in some countries there would have been a few people get killed, but this state with the Mormon people and all in it, why there was nobody killed. Killing used to be [at] that Strip, soldiers at Fort Duchesne.

It was a mile wide and about five miles long that they had called the Strip. [It was out by] the reservation in order to have a whorehouse and two or three saloons there for the soldiers there. That's where Gusher is now. That was the Strip and that's what it was called for years. There was no more fights. If there had have been, they would have been right by our place because that's where we all camped as they came into the country. There was a few other places, but they had that road running east and west. They had it completely blocked for about a year with big shade trees and water and room to camp and a place to get hay for their horses and things of that nature.

CF: How many do you think were successful in homesteading out there? Fifty percent?

Ross: There was much more than that. It was close to, I'd say, forty percent were successful.

CF: So the other sixty percent had to leave? They couldn't make a go at it?

Ross: It wasn't what they wanted. They didn't get what they wanted and places that they drew out of were hillsides and on broken land that would have been good for pasture land or things of that nature. You see, where the motel is in Currant Creek, that land right down there is what Murdock's father probably got and that's their land, I think. They had a headquarters for a sheep outfit. Then that was the way land went, all that country there, Fruitland. You see up from there when you get up on the plate (?), they call that Fruitland. There was, for years, home people living on all those homesteads around there trying to make it go. They weren't successful.

Then up the Duchesne River and you see up on the bench up there out to Duchesne. There was either Red Cap Flat, there was 35,000 acres. That's down from where Lake ? comes down and empties down into the Duchesne over in the point in that area. It was about 35,000 acres there and then lots of land around in various [places] above Whiterocks and the mountains and up in Altonah, Mountain Home, a lot of good places and a lot up at ?

A lot of people from the Ashley Valley that already lived there went and got places. A lot of them from Heber. A lot of them from Salt Lake, Rome (?), Smith, Hal (?) and Dave Smith. They had property out in that country and Willow Creek. A lot of people down Willow Creek that ran clear down to the Colorado state line. That's the tributary to the Colorado River that we were on. So, you see this is a big country and it still is a big country. It still could have a lot of

people in there yet. They had the Gilsonite mine and the almost ? oil that comes from these pipeline's Gilsonite. The oil part that comes through there from Rangely is not as much as the Gilsonite. They have that big refinery there.

That's the area of country where William Smart came into Roosevelt and he was quite a developer. He wanted to have a ? from that big bench out at Roosevelt through and built a temple on top of that. Well, that didn't conform with the theory of the Church leaders in Utah. He was a good organizer, but he was getting old when he was there. He had dreams of a lot of things over in the Basin and out of Myton in a little valley over there. There's a lot of fine lands over there, too. People can make a lot of money over there with the alfalfa seed.

CF: Yesterday after the machine was off, you mentioned about the range war or something over sheep and cattle up at Blue Bench.

Ross: That's where the big wars were, up on the Diamond Mountain.

CF: Tell me a little bit about them.

Ross: The Statton boys had sheep up there and the cattlemen that was running up on there tried to drive the sheep men out. They had the best known bullets to come out. They come up there and there's three Statton with their sheep up there. They were riding their horses and they got behind the pine trees and they'd shoot Adam behind these trees, a tried to shoot through the trees and hit them. A lot of those bullets come through, you see them. They didn't have enough power to get through the trees that they were behind, but they would come through, a lot of their noses would shine out.

They had their bucks up there, a lot. Several men had small amounts of sheep and made a buck herd. They chopped them and rode their horses. Chopped them back of the horns and they killed several herders. Last one took place over Blue Mountain just east of Vernal. That was in about 1920, might have been '18, but they killed these herders and a lot of his sheep. They were arrested and taken into Grand Junction, called up and were convicted. Cost a lot of men they brought out there their sons. I think there was only one that really stayed any time in the penitentiary.

CF: So, the cattlemen were from Colorado then?

Ross: No, some of them right from Vernal.

CF: Who were they? Do you remember?

Ross: Yes. if you're going to publish it, I don't like that. I don't like to bring up, I can tell you.

CF: Why don't you tell me later. We can.

Ross: I don't want to tell things that embarrass them, grandchildren and all. The old ones are all dead now. They all have relatives. I think that there's so many other things that we can say that would be better for the history of the country than to tell so much of the bad.

CF: Let me just spend a few minutes on that. Was the Statton brothers from Vernal, too?

Ross: Yes.

CF: Were they the only sheepmen involved?

Ross: This wouldn't. There wasn't any forest reserve then and everybody was fighting.